

# The Wonderful Hurtless Punch

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By TAD



## Taking the Family to the Opera

"WHAT'S the old soup and fish hanging on the back of the chair fer, Madge? I ain't wore that since your sister married that cake-eater back in Bucyrus."

"Henry, I got your dress suit out so you can take me and Willie to the opy to-night—grand opy."

"Me for the old hat to-night. Where do you get that opy stuff anyhow?—six bucks a throw."

"I ain't never seen no grand opy, Henry, and Willie ain't never seen none in his whole life."

"Neither have I and I am four times as old as Willie. And I can worry along the rest of my life without seeing none or hearing none either. Buy a record for the funnygraft and save sixteen bucks."

"Henry, are you going to take me and Willie to the opy to-night or are you ain't?"

"I ain't. It is the aintest thing I have ever done."

"Paw, come on and take us to the opy and get me an ice cream cone to the opy, Paw."

"They ain't got 'em to the opy. Mebbe they got hot dogs, but they ain't got ice cream cones to no opy. I'm goin' to stay home and improve my mind."

"And I went and got a lot of foolry, too, fer to set in the dimond horse-trough with, too."

"It ain't a dimond horse trough. It's a dimond horse-shoe. What's the monicker of this opy, anyhow?"

"It's 'Samson et Delilah.' It's real cute. Mrs. Schmidt went last year."

"Paw, what did Samson eat Delilah fer, Paw?"

"Aw, shut up and go to bed."

"Well, he eat her, didn't he? Maw says Samson et Delilah, Paw."

"Mebbe he was one of them conubials."

"Paw, what's a conubial?"

"He's a guy that eats mission-aries, Willie."

"Paw, what's a missionary, Paw?"

"Close your pan, willya?"

"Paw, I wanta see Samson eat Delilah. Paw, who is Delilah, Paw?"

"Oh, she is a Jane that starts a barber shop and she gives this bird Samson a haircut which he don't like, and he gets so sore he eats Delilah and a couple of the manicures, and so now they call the opy 'Samson et Delilah.'"

"Henry, you haven't much time to change. We gotta go way down town."

"Aw, let's wait till it comes out here to the Elite. What's the use going down town?"

"This opy ain't a movin' pitcher, Henry."

"Has it got any singin' in it?"

"It's all singin'."

"Then I ain't goin'. If there is anything I hate to see it's singin'."

"Paw, did Samson have his hair bobbed like Green-witch Village, Paw?"

"You shut up about Green-witch Village. What does a kid like you know about Green-witch Village?"

"Henry, if you don't stop swearin' at that poor innocent child—now get into your evening clothes."

"The only evening clothes I get into this evening is an old flannel nightgown without no buttons on it, which I haven't got a wife which can sew on buttons."

"Henry, you gotta go and elevate your mind."

"If I ever go to grand opy my mind will be elevated up to about the fifth balcony and rub all my hair off on the ceiling. Did you ever take a glance at the price list?"

"Well, you can swing yourself for a treat for me and Willie once in a while. Think of the swell crowd we will be with—all the Vanderwallops and Oilyfellers and everybody and the swell Biltmores and Ritzes and Claridges and Belleclaires. I always wanted to see Mrs. Biltmore and her dimonds. They say she has got the swelltest ermine stole."

"Paw, where did she steal it, Paw?"

"Clamp your hash-trap, Willie."

"Henry, you climb into that dress suit in five minutes."

"I ain't used to goin' in swell society, honest."

"You don't have to go honest. A lot of 'em don't. Shake a leg and be ready for the subway in five minutes."

"Oh, aw right, but—"

"Paw—"

"Shut up!"

"Why, Henry, I believe Mrs. Rhinelander is bowing to me."

## Devotion

By OUR OWN FREE VERSIFIER (Poetic License No. 4-11-44)

NO, I would not go  
To the End of the World with You.  
Should Wind or Whim or Fancy frisk you,  
Whisk you,  
Tempt you to roam  
To Tropical Timbuctoo—  
I'd . . . stay at home,  
For Timbuctoo is torrid;  
Weather there is horrid.  
'Tis not that there my love would grow less;  
Yet with the awful heat,  
I fear, my sweet,  
'Twould evanesce—  
'Twould Pahs  
Into a Gahs.

No,  
I would not go  
With you  
To Timbuctoo.  
Nor should I follow you to Alaskuh.  
You are very, very beautiful,  
I am, correspondingly, doggishly dutiful;  
But Alaskuh—  
B'r'r'r'r—  
Is very, very frigid;  
Arctic Climate renders one's Rigid.  
For me the Yukon holds no lures;  
Our love, Beloved One, I am sure,  
Would grow COLD in Alaskuh.  
Don't ask Maw  
To go to Alaskuh.

Still, my own, I would be willing to go far  
To be where you are.  
Might go to Canasale, Flatbush, Flushing—  
Oh, to most any place I would be rushing;  
To New Desp, to Brooklyn, to Yonkers would go—  
Pittsburgh, Jersey City, Cincinnati, O.I  
If you ask Maw,  
Might go to Nebraskah.  
In fact, would go to any achievable distance;  
To every surmountable obstacle  
Offer a stubborn resistance—  
Go to any inconvenience, within Reason—  
In Time, of course, in Space and Season.  
Why, Love, for you I would Next to Nothing shrink;  
I would even,  
Yes, I'd even  
GO TO WORK—  
For You—  
For YOO-OO-OO!

By Roy K. Moulton

"Rhinelander ain't a lady, it's a telephone exchange. You mean Mrs. Morningside, don't you?"

"Now don't be cute."

"Well, anyhow, if Mrs. Riverside or Mrs. Fitz Roy or Mrs. Chelsea is bowing to you when you are seventy-five feet higher up in the air than she is she is breaking her neck."

"Henry, I don't see Mrs. Biltmore here at all."

"Mebbe she didn't know we was coming."

"Paw, get me a hot dog now, willya, Paw?"

"Not so loud—NOT SO LOUD. Where do you think you are, to Coney Island?"

"I wish I was, Paw."

"That goes double."

"When does he eat his Paw?"

"Ask your Maw. She reads all the phonygraft books every month."

"Maw, lookit the funny guy down there waving his arma. Who is he, Maw?"

"Hush, Willie. That's the conductor."

"When does he come around for the fares, Maw?"

"Willie, I get so out of patience and, with all this Woolworth Jew-elry I bought to-day, too, I am so nervous."

"What's that bird with the long hair and whiskers singin' about, Paw?"

"About an hour."

"Maw, I can't hear a word he is singing, Maw."

"No wonder. Your Paw got us seats four subway stations from the stage."

"Madge, what language is he singing this opy in?"

"We can't hear him way up here anyhow, so you should worry what language."

"Ain't it nice bein' right in with the swell set this way, Madge. I always said we would get into society. All we gotta do is to jump about three hundred rows of seats and nine rows of boxes and we'll be right in the swim."

"The only place for you to be in the swim is in the Aquarium. You'd be at home there."

"Paw, I wanta go home, Paw. I can't hear nothing and I can't see nothing."

"Henry, the next time I come to the opy with you I don't want to set way over by the Third Avenue 'L.' I want to get nearer Broadway."

"The next time you come to the opy with me I will be occupying a nice corner lot out in Woodlawn and you will be with some other guy."

"Don't be nasty, Henry."

"Well, it is rather tough to wish anything like that on another guy."

"Henry, the opy is over."

"Over!"

"Sure, it's over. Don't you see everybody is going home?"

"Well, I'll be— Stung again. He didn't eat Delilah after all, and that's all I came fer."

## How to Be a Widow

WE have noted with more or less perturbation recently a series of magazine articles on "How to Be a Widow." It has aroused much discussion not only among those who are widows but those who expect to become widows.

The subject seems to have taken a firm hold upon the feminine imagination.

A great many women have solved the problem of how to be a widow, if, indeed, it may be called a problem. Some of the ladies of history had little trouble in finding the solution. The solutions that some of them dropped into their old men's grog were potent.

We would be disinclined to believe that in this enlightened age any woman would enter into the state of matrimony with widowhood in view, if, of course, we except the Western woman who recently advertised: "WANTED—A millionaire husband. One very aged and with hard cough preferred."

But the cold manner in which this delicate subject of how to become widows has been discussed in the public prints, leads us to a state of uncertainty, and we are sure that many husbands, who happen to read the fair-sex magazines when there is nothing else in the house, will share our nervousness.

The husband who has read one

of these articles is apt to glance at his breakfast coffee with some apprehension and then decide that he does not feel like a cup of coffee that morning. Or he may keep his razor down-town or carefully drop the family revolver into the garbage can.

Of course, the article on "How to Be a Widow" is couched in lady-like language. It would be unseemly to promulgate any rough stuff, but when a man reads the title he begins to imagine things.

When he sees his wife immersing her front hair in one of these articles he is apt to rush right out and buy her a new Hudson seal coat or a new town car, and try to placate her, even though he does not know why she should be particularly interested in widowhood. Thoughts of their past lives come over these men and they find themselves wondering just what their wives have found out. It is only fair to state that there often is something.

The articles do not go into gruesome details and tell women exactly how to be widows. Every woman must use her imagination to some extent. There are many ways. As an art it must be numbered among the most ancient.

While widowhood, no doubt, is a perfectly legitimate ambition, it does not seem to be one which needs the encouragement of the public prints at this time.

## Cogitations of a Cuckoo

ACCORDING to advices from the arms conference at Washington, open-work diplomacy is not yet in style.

The voice with the smile wins, but where are you going to get the "smile" in prohibition times?

Lloyd George has got to stand for re-election, but he has stood for worse things than that.

Just when you begin saving up for a rainy day it starts in to pour for forty days.

There is scarcely a chorus girl in the United States more than sixty-five years old.

The best pair to bet on is a pair of suspenders.

It seems a long time between Presidents with flowing whiskers.

Once upon a time an author wrote a magazine story whose hero was not named Jim, but he never sold the story.

Saturday may be pay day for some folks, but it is only Saturday for the ultimate consumer.

The demure lass used to bring home the bacon, but the one who brings home the husband these days is the one who jumps at him and bites her initials in his cheek.

Kissing has been forbidden in Siam. Judging by the pictures of some Siamese beauties we have seen there should be no necessity for passing a law against it.

We need not ask what some men do for a living. They do their friends.

Thousands of men go hunting these Fall days, but it doesn't do much good. Nearly everything is in bond and locked up in warehouses.

When a woman can't decide whether to have a husband or a career—the most honorable thing to do is to let the man escape.

An English artist says the American woman's face is undergoing a change. We've noticed that ourselves repeatedly—and on the same face.

Now that the English language is replacing the French as the language of diplomacy it's going to be harder than ever to tell the truth.

When a girl flits a man it's said to be a sign of mental trouble. Sometimes it's just a sign of another man.

## Disarming the Movies

DOWN in Washington the disarmament conference is beginning to turn its attention to the movies. There seems to be a general idea that there is little use in making all other nations give up their guns if the movie colony is allowed to proceed as usual and parade before the public nightly on the silver sheet, loaded down with guns, stix, Big Berthas, Colts, machine guns, daggers, razors, poison gas, torpedoes, bombs and black-jacks.

For that reason a sub-committee will look into the matter of disarming the movies instantly. There has been too much shooting going on.

It has been nothing at all for a villain to shoot a hero and then shoot him again every night so long as the public seems to be interested. Occasionally a hero shoots a villain, but it happens so infrequently that it will hardly come under the attention of the probers. Yamps have run around loose stabbing easy old marks, and brigands have been perforating gold prospectors and emigrant trains with lead ever since the first movie wig-gled its tail. It's all wrong. The movies have got to learn the gentle ways of peace.

Just the other day we saw one movie actor bean another with a large jardiniere and knock him for a goal. Jardinieres must be eliminated from the screen. In another picture the hero wallops the cake-eating lounge-lizard with a piano lamp. Piano lamps are taboo from now on.

As to the movie ladies, is there one of them who does not go armed? All her armament must be removed. It consists of lip-sticks, rouge, grease paint, eye-lash blacking, permanent waves, marcel, eye-brow paint, pomade and many

other terrible weapons which implant in the minds of the young the desire to conquer.

The teeth of all movie lions shall be extracted—provided any have teeth, which they have not.

Every movie whale shall have his tail muscles severed so he cannot smash up the rowboat which carries a good \$1,650-a-week heroine and \$35-a-week hero.

All bucking Fords shall have their carburetors removed and be rendered harmless.

All movie Westerners shall be armed with bean-blowers.

The oldest weapon of the movie world, the custard pie, shall be rendered harmless by removing the filling and the crust. Too long have these weapons mowed down their innocent victims to the apparent delight of the young mind of America.

If it is necessary to show a duel the contestants shall stand one hundred yards apart and fight with fraternity sofa pillows.

The mortgage-on-the-old-farm, a long-established movie weapon of considerable horse-power, shall no longer be used.

That deadly weapon of offense, the one-piece suit, shall no longer be worn by bathing beauties. High neck gowns with hoop-skirts, fur coats and rubber boots shall displace it.

No railroad conductor in the movies shall be allowed to carry a punch.

The sardonic smile with which the smooth city feller frightens the rubes must be wiped off and all villains must carry hymn books.

Disarming the movies will be like taking the guns off a battleship. There won't be a kick left, but something has got to be done.

The movies at present are un-popular with everybody—except the people.

## Are Weak Nerves Sapping Your Strength, Ruining Your Health And Holding You Back In Life?

What To Do—Physician Explains How To Revitalize Worn-out Exhausted Nerves, And Increase Your Strength, Energy and Endurance, Often In Two Weeks' Time

Weak Nerve Force is often the sole cause of chronic ill health and lack of success in your undertakings. Thousands of able, intelligent men and women are struggling, trying to get ahead in life, but they always fall just short of success because they lack sufficient Nerve Force to give them the physical and mental power to overcome the difficult obstacles which lie in their path.

Without plenty of Nerve Force you lose your magnetism, force and courage, you feel your own weakness and others know that you are weak. The minute you enter an office to apply for a position, or to try to sell goods, or put through a business deal of any kind, the man opposite you instinctively knows and feels that you are weaker than he, and you are therefore doomed to failure, while the strong, courageous, forceful, magnetic man, with plenty of Nerve Force in his nerve and brain cells, successfully faces and overcomes every obstacle and difficulty and goes on to great success in life. When your Nerve Force becomes weakened, all the vital organs of your body lose their normal strength and vigor and as a result, all kinds of alarming symptoms may appear. Headaches and extreme nervousness are very frequent symptoms of weak nerve force. Many persons are moody, irritable and easily depressed. In such cases it is worse than foolish to waste your time taking more stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs—you must have something to furnish an increased supply of the nervous fluid to your nerve and brain cells. This is most effectively accomplished by the free use of Nuxated Iron. This valuable product contains the principal chemical constituent of active living nerve force in a form which most nearly resembles that in the brain and nerve cells of man. It also contains organic iron like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. Organic iron enriches the blood and plenty of rich red blood means more Nerve Force, so that Nuxated Iron not only feeds what might be termed artificial Nerve Force to the nerve cells, but it stimulates the blood to manufacture a greatly increased supply of new nerve force.

NOTE—Artificial nerve force with organic iron—a true blood and nerve food—may be had from any druggist under the name of "Nuxated Iron." The successful results attending its use by over 4,000,000 people annually enable the manufacturers to guarantee that it will increase your nerve force strength and endurance in two weeks' time or they will refund your money.